With fleshly follyes vndefyled,
and stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Christall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I note.
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly wore,
such simplesse mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them blist,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Ygyrt with belts of glitter and gold.
(mought they good sheepeheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
he sawe thilke miselage.
For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done other where,
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while)
The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
their hands they may not file.

They

They han great stores, and thrift
great freendes and feeble foes
What needs hem caren for their
theyr boyes can looke to those
These wisards weltre in welths
pampred in pleasures deepe,
They han fatte kernes, and leany
their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike miser men bene all misgo
they heapen hylles of wrath:
Sike syrlye shepheards han we
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good ma
lost for lacke of telling,
Now sicker I see, thou doest but
harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more, then shall ha
to wyten shepheards welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches
it is a signe of helth.
But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
but hath bene long ypent.
One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
(as now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught by *Algrins* ill
to loue the lowe degree.)
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
An Eagle sored hye,
That weening hys whyte head
a shell fish downe let flye:
She weend the shell fishe to hau
but therewith bruzd his brayn
So now astonied with the strok
he lyes in lingring payne.